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ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

# FRENCH KISS

#19

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52 IN FULL  
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## NAKED LUST!!

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## Editorial

### SEXUALITY DOESN'T COME WITH A USER'S MANUAL

In the TV ads, everyone jumps around and laughs and they're having a great time. Each one of those pills is guaranteed to catapult us to immediate happiness. The secret lies in an aerosol deodorant, a blister pack of diet pills, in just saying no to drugs, in living life to the fullest, etc. In short, ads stick to a formula that isn't anything new: they offer fast solutions in a world where solutions are few, complex and frequently improbable. From that long ago day when we popped out of our mother's belly, we've lived with the constant feeling that things aren't going so well, and this feeling shows up in our own compulsions and desires. But the ad execs know that we're too complacent to know what we want, or to figure out what isn't working and how to fix it. So, they bombard us with simplicities while we go around dulled out, waiting for the next new big thing.

This crap doesn't apply just to advertising, it also relates to a lot of other subjects. For example: all those vague, nasty publications that promote universal solutions for successfully attracting the opposite sex, having great sex, and living an ideal relationship. Pages of advice on how to turn into a champion lady/man killer. Or filled with tips on how to spice up your sex life. To sum it up: guidelines for fast learning, applicable to no one except maybe the model: that hottie you've never spent a night with and who you'll never even manage to get a sad kiss

on the cheek from; a robot with pre-programmed feelings that it might be high time to disconnect. In other words: long live real, personal sex at home, indulging in it to the max! And along the way, enjoy this French Kiss and the different versions of the game of love that each of our authors offer.

### QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

First edition: February 2007

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Publisher: Ediciones La Cupula, S.L.  
Editor: JM Barranger  
International Rights: Montserrat Terrones  
Contributing Writers: Susi Glamour, Ruben Lardín, Spina Spiegel  
Translators and Proofreaders: Cynthia Wong, C. Condit  
Lettering: C. Ruiz, Jordi Solé, Iris Bernardez  
DL: B-35865-2001  
Printed in Spain by Ullrich  
ISSN: 1579-9298

FRENCH KISS COMIX is a trademark of Ediciones La Cupula, S.L.  
Poz. Justice #3 L. Barcelona 08003, Spain  
Tel: (34) 93-268-0805 Fax: (34) 93-268-0765

[www.frenchkisscomix.com](http://www.frenchkisscomix.com)



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# EXPOSITION

## "Surprises"





" 'SURPRISES' IS ONE OF YOUR GRANDAD'S MOST EMBLEMATIC WORKS. I ALWAYS ADMIRER THE SUBTLE MESSAGE OF ITS ILLUMINATION."



"ON ONE SIDE, THE MOODY LIGHTING OF THE ROOM PRESENTS THE YOUNG LADY AS A LITTLE GIRL OPENING HER PRESENTS..."

...BUT THE BRUTAL FIRE AT HER BACK REVEALS THE SILHOUETTE OF A REAL WOMAN. AN EXTRAORDINARY WORK!



FABULOUS!



THE REAL SURPRISE IS THAT WOMAN WITH SENSUOUS LEGS HAS STOPPED BEING A GIRL.



YES, THAT'S IT. SOMETHING THAT'S OBVIOUS TO EVERYONE BUT HER PARENTS.



SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPENED TO ME WITH MY FAMILY. AND WHEN I SAW THIS WORK, I DECIDED TO LIVE ON MY OWN. I REMEMBER THAT...

"...FOR A LONG TIME IT WAS THE ONLY DECORATION IN MY NEW APARTMENT."



"MY PARENTS DIDN'T WANT ME TO LEAVE HOME. WE FOUGHT FOR SEVERAL MONTHS."



"WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME CAME AROUND, THEY ACCEPTED THE REALITY OF MY NEW LIFE AND WE SPENT THE HOLIDAYS TOGETHER."



"THAT'S WHY CHRISTMAS IS A REALLY HAPPY TIME FOR ME."



"NOT JUST FOR ITS  
TRADITIONAL MEANING..."



"...BUT ALSO BECAUSE  
IT WAS WHEN I MADE UP  
WITH MY PARENTS..."



"...AND I STARTED TO  
REALLY ENJOY MY  
INDEPENDENCE."



"AND SO, WHEN THAT TIME OF YEAR ROLLS AROUND AND I START  
SEEING SANTA CLAUS EVERYWHERE, I CAN'T STOP SMILING."

Gil Spam

AH!



OH, I'M SO WRAPPED UP IN THIS  
PAINTING I CAN'T IMAGINE I'LL BE ABLE  
TO SIT DOWN AND WRITE ABOUT IT.



ANNA, THE INFINITE GENIUS OF YOUR  
GRANDDAD EMERGES FROM YOU IN  
CRYSTALLINE SPARKS OF INTELLIGENCE.

THERE ISN'T ANYONE  
MORE CAPABLE OF TALKING  
ABOUT GIL SPAM THAN YOU.  
WITHOUT A DOUBT THE  
ARTICLE WILL BE PEERLESS!



THANKS,  
MARTIN.



THERE'S NO END TO THE  
BULLSHIT A GUY WILL SPEW!



IF THEY ONLY KNEW!  
I CAN'T LOOK AT THAT  
PAINTING WITHOUT  
THINKING OF BETTY...

THANKS TO THAT SLUT  
I HAD TO LIVE THROUGH THE  
HORROR! THE HORROR...



"IN 1958, I CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS. I HAD TO. THE PRODUCERS WERE REALLY HAPPY WITH THE SUCCESS OF THAT PLAY, AND ALL OF US WHO WORKED ON IT GOT TOGETHER."



"I FLIRTED WITH BETTY, THE STAR OF 'THE ADVENTURES OF SHERAZADE.' I FELL IN LOVE WITH HER AT FIRST SIGHT. AND THEN ALL I WANTED WAS TO TAP HER ASS."

"AT THE END OF THE NIGHT WE WERE COMPLETELY DRUNK."

OK, GIL, LET'S DO IT!  
BUT ONLY IF WE GO TO "THE DUCHESS'S" HOUSE.

"THE DUCHESS WAS A RICH LESBIAN WHO HAD INVESTED A LOT OF MONEY IN THE PLAY."



YES... MM...



"SHE WAS UGLY, BUT BETTY WAS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER."



"HER HOUSE WAS A GIANT MANSION."

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MARTIN.

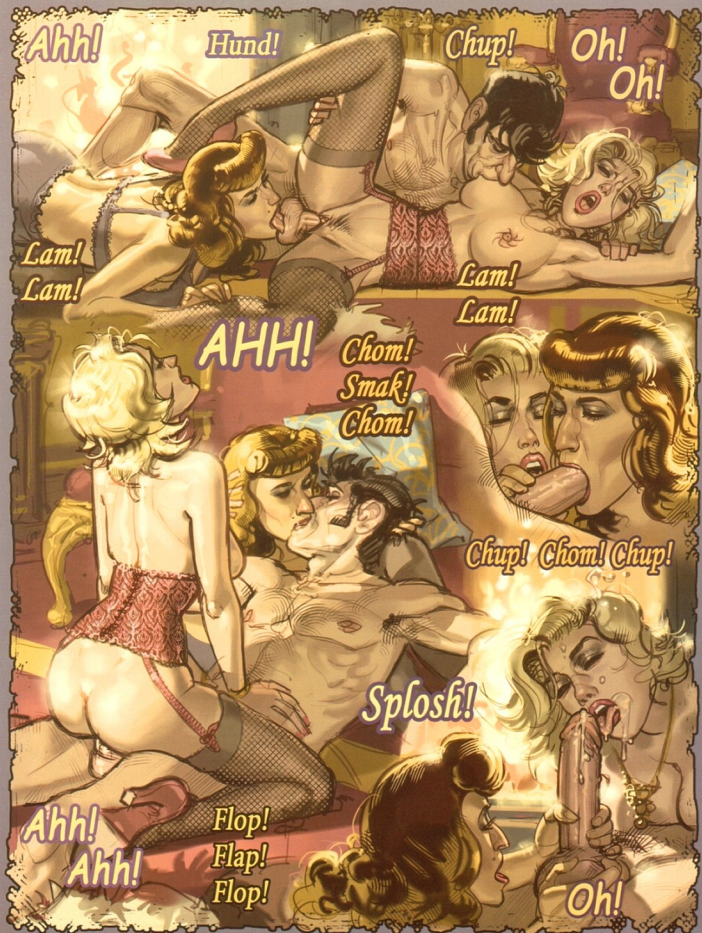
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MADAME.



"I STARTED TO THINK THAT MAYBE 'THE DUCHESS'  
WAS REALLY AN ARISTOCRAT..."

"...BUT SEEING BETTY NAKED,  
STOPPED THINKING."





"THE FOLLOWING DAY, I THOUGHT I WAS WAKING UP TO GENTLE KISSES... BUT THAT WASN'T IT."

LAM!  
LAM!

GOOD MORNING,  
GIL. WE'RE ALONE. BETTY  
LEFT A WHILE AGO.

GUAV!  
GUAV!  
GUAV!

IT'S BETTER  
THIS WAY. I  
WANT TO  
GIVE YOU A  
CHRISTMAS  
PRESENT. MY  
FAMOUS  
STRIPTHEASE!

"WHEN SHE  
STOOD IN FRONT  
OF THE FIREPLACE,  
I SAW HER HUGE  
COCK DANGLING  
BETWEEN HER  
LEGS."

"IT WAS HORRIBLE. HORRIBLE!! I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT  
HAPPENED THAT NIGHT, AND I DIDN'T WANT TO FIND OUT. AT LEAST  
I WENT AWAY WITH THE IDEA FOR A CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATION."

HURRY, CALL AN AMBULANCE! THERE'S  
BEEN AN ACCIDENT IN THE RESTROOM!

TI-TI  
TU-TU

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

THEY WERE SO WORKED UP  
THAT ENEAS SLIPPED AND BROKE  
THE TOILET WITH HIS HEAD.

ENEAS! ENEAS!  
SAY SOMETHING,  
MY LOVE!

WILL HE  
REMEMBER WHAT  
WE TALKED  
ABOUT?

WHEN HE GETS OUT  
OF INTENSIVE CARE  
WE'LL ASK HIM.

THE FAG WENT TO  
THE TOILET SO MUCH IT  
FINALLY BROKE HIM.

# THE CLONE

by Bobillo & Barreiro.



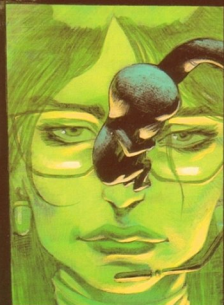
INCREASE  
THE TESTOSTERONE  
LEVEL BY TWO AND A  
HALF POINTS.

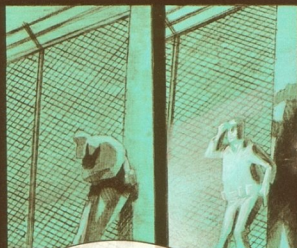
STABILIZE THE  
SUPPLY FROM THE  
METABOLISM  
ACCELERATOR.



SUPPLY  
STABILIZED,  
DOCTOR.

OK. THAT'S ALL  
FOR TODAY.







IT'S  
INCREDIBLE!!!

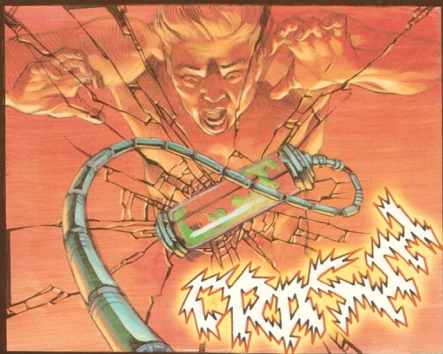
ANNEX TO THE  
REPORT FOR DAY 56:  
UNEXPECTEDLY, THE CLONE'S  
METABOLIC DEVELOPMENT HAS  
ACCELERATED TO ADULTHOOD  
IN A MATTER OF HOURS!

WE EXPECTED  
TO REACH THIS PHASE  
IN ABOUT SIX MONTHS.  
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
HOW...

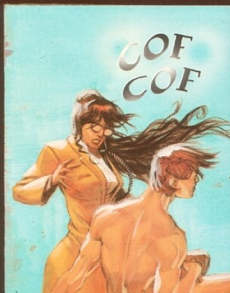
BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

HE'S  
DROWNING!!!





THE CLONE HAS ENTERED THE PHASE OF  
PULMONARY OXYGENATION. I'M APPLYING  
ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION TO  
REVIVE HIM!



THE CLONE HAS RESPONDED FAVORABLY TO RESUSCITATION. UNDERSTANDABLY, HIS COORDINATION IS STILL NOT FUNCTIONAL....

GGHHH  
GGHHH

ALTHOUGH HE HAS THE PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OF AN ADULT MALE, HIS NEURAL-CEREBRAL CAPACITY IS AT THE LEVEL OF A NEWBORN.

I AM NOW PROCEEDING TO CLEAN THE AMNIOTIC FLUID COVERING HIS BODY. HIS MUSCULAR STRUCTURE IS EXTREMELY WELL-FORMED...

AT THIS TIME, THE CLONE'S VIRILE MEMBER IS EXPERIENCING AN ERECTION.

GOD! I CAN'T RESIST!



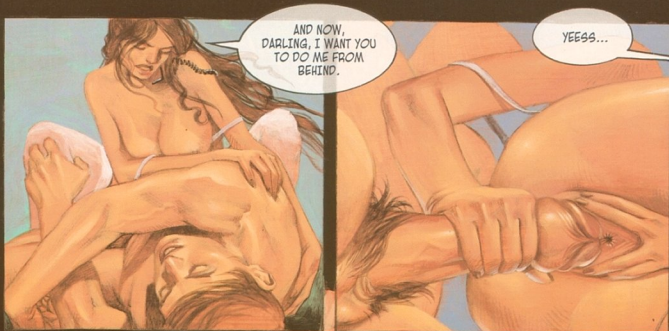
I WANT YOU TO  
FUCK ME!



YEEESSSS!!!



WANNA SUCK  
ON MY TIT?



AND NOW,  
DARLING, I WANT YOU  
TO DO ME FROM  
BEHIND.

YEESS...



GIVE IT TO ME,  
MY LOVE!

MUNN MUNN



MUNN MUNN MUNN

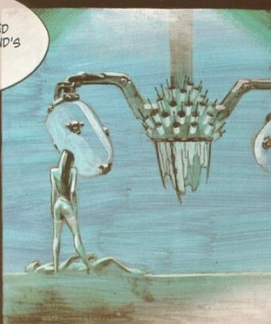
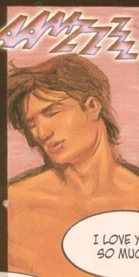
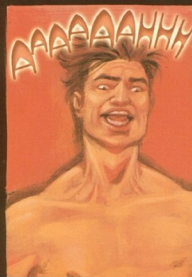
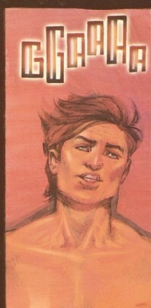
10 11 12



GAAAA

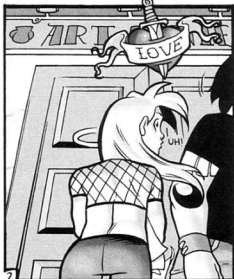
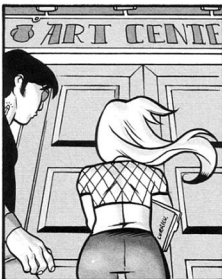


I KNOW WHAT  
YOU LIKE THE  
MOST.

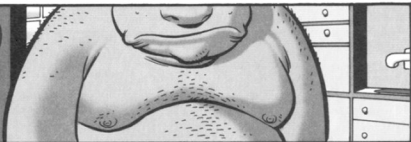


# a NEW LIFE MAY 03 CO-EDS













# Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



## BELOW ZERO

The new title from the German publishing house run by Mathias Reuss, whose collection of erotica has an almost anthropological vein, rediscovers the world in the only way possible: through its women. The destination on this occasion is the impenetrable Russia, and the subject is several of its natives, with minimal textile protection and exposed to the cold of the steppes. The author, Igor Nadin, is dedicated to selling luxury cars, although he has worked as a tourist guide, a translator, a webmaster, a professor and even a taxi driver. This interests us even more than the experience of a purely technical photographer who hasn't done anything else in life but take photos. The girls are cordial, European, some hotter than others, but on average, it's lovely, pet-nippled work. Because of the cold, of course. In addition, each pictorial opens with some text that puts the model in context, gives us a little background and talks about her personal tastes, just like in those frivolous magazines, in case we want to fall in love. *Nude in Russia 1*, a title that foreshadows a second edition, is 129 pages of flesh emphasized by snow, by rosy noses, and if you look hard, by internal heat, lots of heat.

**NUDE IN RUSSIA 1. Cold Winter - Hot Girls**

Igor Nadin  
Edition Reuss

In import bookstores or at [www.edition-reuss.de](http://www.edition-reuss.de)

## CUT and SEW

The corset, an aristocratic article of clothing with more than three thousand years of history, was invented to emphasize the natural curves of the feminine figure. After a time, its other virtues were discovered, such as redirecting the vertical, correcting bad posture, cutting down sizes and in the aesthetic world, an unquestionable erotic power. Since the Victorian era the corset has come and gone, but it's always been here, as a sophisticated option and a sign of good taste, which, however, hasn't reached the masses the way less interesting fashions have. Today, among interpreters of the corset, the designer Tonia Merz has taken great pains with patterns and craftsmanship to reintroduce this article of clothing to contemporary wardrobes. She does this from her showroom TO.mTO in Berlin, where she makes her creations following classic English methods, pairing cotton with viscose, acetate with polyamide, and PVC with something finer. All for the love of beauty and comfort, so that one is cinched in as one should be. Although she admits the influence, Merz declares herself detached from any current fetish or sadomasochistic scene. What interests us here is the fact that beauty is decadence and knowledge, and a corset always implies an aura of that. And if you're gentlemen of the sort that no longer exists, give Ms. Merz's work a look and get those soon-to-come Christmas gifts at her place, because no woman can say no to the binds of a corset.

**TO.mTO Berlin**  
[www.tomto.com](http://www.tomto.com)  
<mailto:info@daskorsett.de>

(continued on page 37)

french kiss 19 **25**

# CUCKOLDED

by Andros.









# Take me wherever you want

When I woke up, his cock was still there. I realized my thighs were wet and that made me remember how I'd passed out just a few minutes before. I take a long time to come, but when I do it's like a fountain. And that surprises guys a little. One time, coming close to an orgasm, my boyfriend even got scared. This guy, on the other hand, seeing me falling apart in moans and gushing rivers of pussy juice, only got harder...Who'd have imagined he could get even bigger...No one, for sure. But he did...a lot.

I had met him that same afternoon, when I was leaving the post office. He was sitting on a huge, shiny motorcycle, and the bulge of his crotch was the only thing I could see when he asked me for a cigarette. "Tobacco is really dangerous," he mumbled sarcastically, "it would be much better if you smoked this big fat cigar." And he moved my hand down to cup his balls, protected only by the blue of his worn jeans. From the heat of my fingers, more feverish by the minute, his cock started growing and the veins started bulging. And I was done for.

"I've got two hours, take me wherever you want," I begged him with the fluttery voice of a hot little bitch that comes out of me, much to my embarrassment, when I get turned on beyond all control. "Let's grab a taxi, then," the bastard said. It was clear that the bike wasn't his, his ass had borrowed it, like my cigarette, my hand...

As we climbed in the first cab that came around the corner and his hand began stroking my thighs, I remembered a little motel four blocks away from the office where I work part time. Sometimes when I'm passing by there, I imagine the office interns having a good fuck on a still-made bed, or one of my bosses coming in the face of his multi-lingual secretary. There's a curvy secretary at the office who speaks five languages and travels with the boss when he goes to conferences. One night, after a business dinner, I went with her to the ladies' room. She was really drunk: she sucked the neck of the beer bottle down into the abyss of her throat and told me, between giggles, that that was how she blew the boss. I should have learned her technique.

Other times I saw couples coming out of the hotel, but none could have had as good a time as I was having that afternoon in the hands of that stranger. And the first hour still hadn't gone by. His feline eyes ran over my recently relaxed curves: "this has to be a new birth," I thought, "damn, I'm born again, that why there's so much fluid bathing the sheets." I thought that and I still think so. I had come like I'd never come before and now, satisfied, it was me who noticed: my dark gaze stayed fixed on that huge cock, like a snake charmer subjugated by

the reptile she should know how to dominate. But that crotch anaconda hadn't shot out its thick venom yet.

"Put it in me again," I said. But he responded that I shouldn't talk, he wanted to fill my mouth for a while. I wasn't used to such blow-hards. "Slowly, slo..." I couldn't finish the sentence because of the big fat cock sliding between my lips, all the way to the back of my throat. It wasn't humanly possible to swallow any more of it; my boyfriend is half as big and half as thick...

My boyfriend is a professor of economics at a private university, and we had a date to meet in front of the independent art cinema to see a movie by a Russian with an impossible to pronounce last name. The owner of the big fat dick started to realize he had reached an obstacle and slid his finger down to my moist asshole.

While he momentarily took his cock out of my strained throat, shiny with spit, he put a few fingers in my virgin hole. I coughed, grasping what was going through his mind and I was shocked. I wanted to protest, but he stuffed his dick in my mouth again.

I was scared thinking what could happen if he put his huge cock in my ass. I already had two-thirds of his dick filling my mouth when he pulled it back out, cupped all my spit in his hands and lubricated my juicy, eager asshole with it. "Rip up my ass, bastard!" I ordered him, as soon as I was able to gasp some air. How could I ask for that sort of torture? "It won't break you, it'll just stretch you a little," he murmured, to calm me down. But when I felt it going in, tears ran down my face and I was on the verge of biting my tongue. He didn't put it in and take it out, he just kept trying to get it all in, even if it went minute by minute, inch by inch. His tongue lapped at my ear and he continued whispering: "when I've got it all in there, I'm gonna drown you, you're gonna turn white inside with my cum."

I felt him penetrating me little by little and my sensitivity became more intense. But this time, far from passing out, the pressure of his cock seemed to be opening some kind of third eye that was taking me to places I had never even imagined. Suddenly, my tits seemed to have grown and matured. I had never before felt such intense pleasure in their rosy areolas, in the hard nipples that brushed against the sheets stained with the juices pouring out of my pussy, heated over a slow flame.

How much time would it take for him to fill me? How many more inches of his thick hot meat were left before he was balls-deep against my buns? "Have mercy," I thought, "mercy for my sphincter, mercy for this ass, where my weenie boyfriend won't be able to get off any more." As if he were reading my thoughts, he whispered again, "There's only a little left, barely any...When it's all in, I'm gonna blow my load in you. You'll be the first I've gotten all the way in. I could live inside you..."

I couldn't do anything more than cry and enjoy it, suffer and die from pleasure. "Don't cry, girly, it hurts me too. Just wait a little, just a sec...aaahh...aaah. You feel that?" His voice, although deep and rugged, was used to a murmur. He was all the way inside me, as big and thick as a little kid's arm, and he started to come. His hot cum spurted out in waves, bringing me to orgasm, and while he shot his wad in my ass, floods of juice gushed out of my pussy onto the torn sheets. An inexplicable electric trembling issued from us: moans, cries and laughter. His cum was already part of me when a little milk shot out of my nipples. Later, lying still, beat and spent, we slept.

More than three hours passed, during which my boyfriend watched the Russian movie by himself. This time, when I woke up, the cock was still inside me.

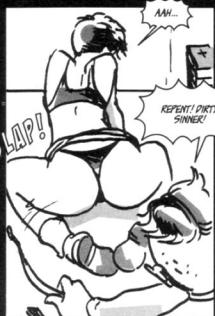
# CONNECTED

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS  
CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS.  
WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED,  
NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE  
CONSEQUENCE.











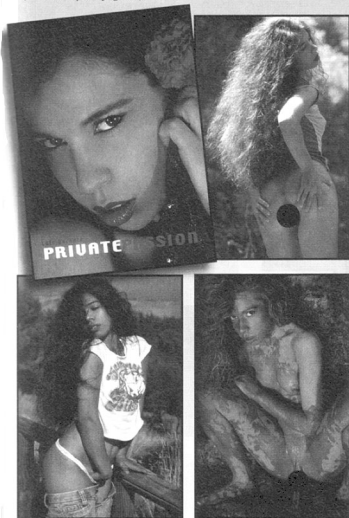


AMEN

# Under the counter

(continued from page 25)

by Ruben Lardin



## WILD for LUIS

Luis Durante is a Spaniard born in 1955. He's got a hippie past whose flavor still resonates in his photos and a certain amount of theater experience, which you can clearly see in the way the scenes are arranged and shot. In this book he also presents himself as the heir to European porn of the 70s and 80s, playful and unpretentious, attempting to capture fever and flesh, skin and brutal color from a healthy point of view and without absurd assessments about what is porn and what is erotic. *Private Passion* can also be viewed as a Hispanic ambassador to the world of hardcover erotica thanks to the iconography of each and every one of the pages, exclusively dedicated to capturing the glory and graces of Idoia, the photographer's girlfriend possessed of a street urchin-type beauty. Gypsy-like, exuberant, toothy, wild-haired, Idoia also has a puffy elastic vulva, a tight, hungry little asshole and an ass that could stop the planets from rotating. She's a wild animal dressed like an Andalusian girl, thanks to these 128 pages in which Durante, as Jean-Christophe Ammann says in the prologue, sacrifices his desire for the benefit of the camera. If a book of this kind is measured for the quantity of semen spilled in its honor, then *Private Passion* is, without a doubt, a splendid book.

### PRIVATE PASSION

Luis Durante

Edition Reuss

In import bookstores or at [www.edition-reuss.de](http://www.edition-reuss.de)



## GOOD MORNING IN THE MORNING

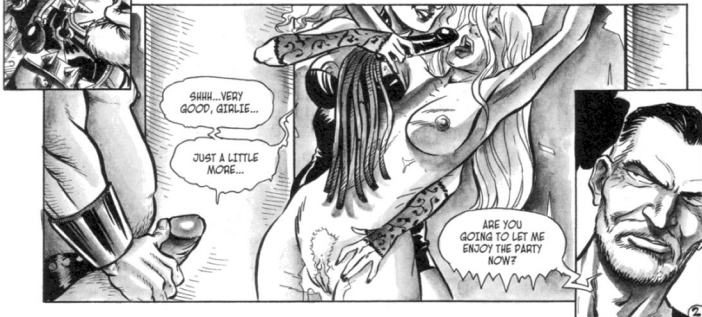
We end this section with a great web site to have as your Internet browser's home page. A place that celebrates day-to-day life with the publication of a female nude in a silky, European key, with genitalia and everything that you would want, but without anxieties or hoity-toitiness. With few faces, it's all about fragments: feet, navels, nipples, folds, lips, and skin textures from women that are beautiful and ugly, fat and thin – only women, without falling into silliness about equality. It's been on the web since March 2005, and already contains a good number of images the creators themselves produce or ones the users send for their own delight. After spending a little time in the archives, we understood the overall velvety concept that makes *Everyday Nakedness* an ideal place for the day's first cup of coffee. Forget about the news, forget about the world, let's jump into minutiae and details, the human body objectified, its nuances. Highly recommended.

[naked.blogs.com/daily](http://naked.blogs.com/daily)



# THE PYRAMID OF POWER





"SO, WE AT WENSOR  
& WONSER ARE IN  
CHARGE OF..."

HELLO.



"...THE EXCLUSIVE  
PRODUCTION AND  
DISTRIBUTION..."



"...NATIONWIDE  
OF..."

"YES! YES!...  
I KNOW THE  
DEAL!"



WE'VE TALKED BEFORE,  
RIGHT? I'M HERE TO ENJOY  
MYSELF.

DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
IT. RELAX.

HUH?



GULP!

YOU  
DON'T WANT  
NOTHIN'  
BABY?

LET'S SEE,  
GIRLS...



"...THE LUCKY ONE IS..."

OOH!!

AAAAH!!



I LOVE IT,  
YESS...OOH!

3





THOSE GODDAMN MANIPULATING,  
CORRUPT PIGS!

TOMORROW I WANT A REPORT ON MY  
DESK ABOUT OUR COUNTERMEASURES!



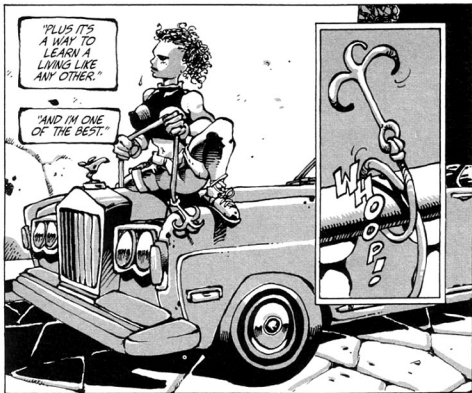


# THE FIANCEE AND THE THIEF

STORY AND DRAWINGS: © GREG GYLFE



(WITH HELP FROM RAKEL ON THE STORY)

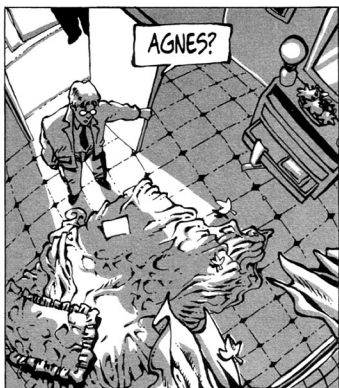












# Contacts

by Ferocius

Happy Introductions Ltd. is (apparently) a matrimonial agency where singles go to find their ideal mate. But, in reality, this facade hides a dirty business: the *ideal companions* the agency offers those seeking romance are actually prostitutes and gigolos, who, after satisfying the sexual urges of the clients, vanish without a trace.

Clarence Rain is one of those gigolos, and as far as we know, has managed to satisfy Jane, a divorcee who came to the agency after a year of abstinence to find a stable relationship. Of course, following a highly enjoyable roll in the hay, Rain has stopped calling and disappeared. Sad and disappointed, Jane returns to the agency, where they tell her they can't be held responsible if a romance doesn't work out and suggest another candidate.

As might be expected, she'll have to pay again...



CLARENCE TAKES CARE NOT TO MAKE ANY PROMISES OR TALK ABOUT THE FUTURE. HE ACTS LIKE HE'S SLEEPING.

OOF! FANTASTIC. BELIEVE ME, I REALLY NEEDED THAT



HE'S ONLY SUPPOSED TO LEAD HER ON BY KEEPING QUIET. PLANS FOR THE FUTURE ARE ONLY FOR LISTENING.

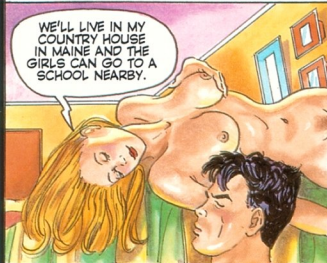
WE CAN BE SO HAPPY! THE GIRLS ADORE YOU, YOU KNOW?



SHE CAN SAY WHAT SHE WANTS, HE'S JUST DOING HIS JOB.

THEN THE DARKNESS CLOSSES IN. PRINCE CHARMING DISAPPEARS. THE PRINCESS IS WORRIED, SHE WONDERS, SHE ASKS.

WE'LL LIVE IN MY COUNTRY HOUSE IN MAINE AND THE GIRLS CAN GO TO A SCHOOL NEARBY.



MOM, WHEN'S UNCLE CLARENCE COMING?

HE'S LOTS OF FUN!



THEN THE USUAL...

OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT ACCORDING TO OUR CONTRACT WE ONLY INTRODUCE YOU TO POSSIBLE MARRIAGE CANDIDATES. WHAT COMES LATER DEPENDS ON BOTH PARTIES. DID HE PROMISE YOU ANYTHING?

NO!



AH, DON'T WORRY. THIS HAPPENS SOMETIMES. YOU SHOULD KEEP TRYING. IT'S LIKE GAMBLING AT THE CASINO, HA, HA.

YOU THINK SO?



MAYBE MR. RAIN CONSIDERS THAT EDUCATING YOUR TWO DAUGHTERS WOULD BE TOO MUCH OF A RESPONSIBILITY. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

IT'S POSSIBLE.

DON'T FORGET THERE'S A 25% DISCOUNT TO MEET A NEW CANDIDATE. THIS IS A REALLY NICE GUY. SIMPLE, FAMILY-MINDED, BUT WITH A GOOD SOCIAL POSITION. HE'S 6 FEET TALL, WITH AN ATHLETIC BUILD AND BLUE EYES.

HE'S REALLY HANDSOME!

MISS CRAWFORD, A FEW DAYS LATER...

OH, YESS,  
ALL THE WAY IN!  
OH, GO ON!!  
HARDER!

OH, YOUR  
COCK!

OH!

YEESS!  
I'M  
CUMMING!

MISS CRAWFORD HAS FALLEN INTO THE TRAP! SHE IS NOW A MEMBER OF THE ONE-NIGHT STAND CLUB! THEY ALL WANT TO KEEP TRYING! PLACE YOUR BETS, LADIES! FROM ONE FUCK TO ANOTHER, WHO KNOWS? MAYBE A HUSBAND WILL APPEAR.



HERE, CLARENCE, YOUR PART OF THE MISS CRAWFORD DEAL. OH, AND DON'T WORRY, THE CHECKS COME FROM ANOTHER COMPANY.

THANKS, BETTY!



LATER...

MRS. WEBB HAS ALREADY "ENJOYED" 10 MEETINGS. NOW SHE GETS INTRODUCED TO A REAL CANDIDATE. LET'S SEE THE FILES.

ANOTHER MEETING OF "PHONIES"...



I REPEAT: OUR CLIENTS COME FOR SAFE SEX WITHOUT COMPLICATIONS. YOU HAVE TO GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT AND MAKE SURE THEY'LL COME BACK FOR MORE UNTIL THEY COMPLETE THE "QUOTA". THAT'S OUR BUSINESS! THEY HAVE AN OBSESSIVE DREAM AND WON'T STOP COMING UNTIL IT'S FULFILLED.



ANOTHER CLASSIC EXAMPLE.

YOU MUST THINK I'M REALLY LAME TO COME TO AN AGENCY TO MEET SOMEONE.

DON'T BE SILLY!



THERE ARE TWO IMPORTANT REASONS WHY PEOPLE COME TO US: THEY DEFINITELY WANT TO GET MARRIED OR THEY SIMPLY HAVE NO TIME.



THE MAN SAVES LENGTHY, EXPENSIVE, UNCERTAIN DATING.

AND YOU ARE IN A SAFE POSITION BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT HIS INTENTIONS ARE.

18

DON'T THINK THAT THE AGENCY ONLY AIMS TO SATISFY THE DREAMS OF WOMEN HUNGRY FOR A HARD DICK. JIM MARICON IS ONE OF MANY MEN WHO REAP THE BENEFITS.

FIVE FOOT TWO, SHY AND INTROVERTED, THANKS TO "HAPPY INTRODUCTIONS, INC." HE HAS OVERCOME A SERIOUS PROBLEM OF SELF-ESTEEM.



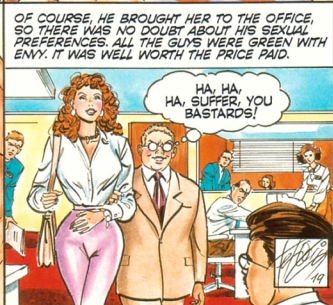
UNTIL THEN, HE'D SUFFERED THE REJECTION AND INDIFFERENCE OF ALL WOMEN.

AND SINCE HE WASN'T SEEN WITH GIRLS, THE BUSYBODIES RUMORED THAT HE WAS GAY.



IMAGINE HOW HE FELT WHEN ANN, (ONE OF THE "PHONIES") SAID HE WAS "SO ATTRACTIVE" AND "HOW MUCH SHE WANTED HIM!"

OF COURSE, HE BROUGHT HER TO THE OFFICE, SO THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT HIS SEXUAL PREFERENCES. ALL THE GUYS WERE GREEN WITH ENVY. IT WAS WELL WORTH THE PRICE PAID.



HA, HA, HA, SUFFER, YOU BASTARDS!

BUT HE WAS THE ONE WHO REALLY SUFFERED WHEN ANN DISAPPEARED FROM THE SCENE. ALTHOUGH HIS DREAM LIVED ON BECAUSE HE ASKED FOR MORE INTRODUCTIONS.



DIANNE, ANOTHER "VETERAN CANDIDATE" COMPLAINED...

I MUST BE REALLY UNATTRACTIVE. THIS IS THE SEVENTH TIME THEY'VE REJECTED ME.

BE PATIENT DIANNE. YOU HAVE TO KEEP TRYING. HAPPINESS NEVER COMES EASILY.



MOST OF OUR CLIENTS FIND WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR AT ABOUT THE TENTH TRY.



IN ANY CASE. THESE GUYS ARE REALLY HOT STUDS.

OK, I'LL KEEP TRYING!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

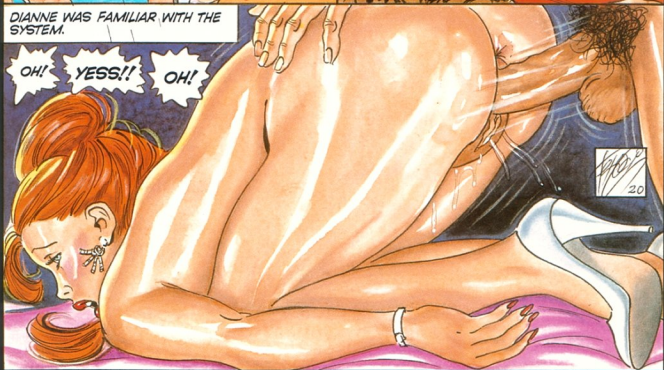


DIANNE WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE SYSTEM.

OH!

YESS!!

OH!



SHE GOES BACK FOR MORE!

HARDER.  
RAM IT IN  
DEEP!

EVERYONE WINS IN THIS GAME.

I'M GONNA  
CUM!!

WHAT?!

WAIT!

IN MY FACE!  
GIVE ME YOUR  
HOT MILK!

AGG! YES!  
AGGG!

SOME OF THE  
CLIENTS SEEM TO  
SUSPECT THE SCAM,  
BUT THEY DON'T LET  
ON...

21

DAYS LATER...



CLARENCE, I  
NEED TO TALK TO  
YOU ALONE.

A BIG FISH HAS TAKEN THE BAIT!



THIS CHICK IS  
LOADED. WE CHECKED  
HER BANK REFERENCES.  
SHE'S LOOKING FOR  
SOMEONE IN THE  
SAME ECONOMIC  
SITUATION.



SHE CHOSE YOU  
ALTHOUGH SHE SAID  
SHE DOESN'T CARE  
ABOUT LOOKS.

THE LADY'S  
NOT VERY  
FLATTERING.



I CHARGED HER  
PLENTY AND SHE  
PAID WITHOUT A  
COMPLAINT.



SO SHE DOESN'T  
GET NOSY, WE'LL SAY  
YOUR BUSINESS IS  
ABROAD.



WE HAVE TO TURN YOU INTO  
A MILLIONAIRE. I'LL RENT YOU A  
MERCEDES. BUT NOT A HOUSE  
BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE SEEING  
HER FOR LONG.

WHAT  
IF SHE'S A  
COP?



BUT CLARENCE HAS SOME UNPLEASANT MEMORIES. HE HAD LOST HIS SELF-RESPECT. WAS HE PLAYING A ROLE AGAIN?

RAIN REMEMBERS HOW HE GOT STARTED AT THE AGENCY AND HOW HE MET HIS BOSS. WHEN HE WAS AT YO YO'S BAR, RAIN WAS REALLY RAIN.



BETTY WAS TOTALLY INTO CLARENCE'S BODY AND HIS DICK. SHE TOOK HIM TO HER PLACE ON MATTHEW HILLS.



RIGHT FROM THE START, SHE FELT SHE WAS IN GOOD HANDS. SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WAS LOOKING FOR.



HE STROKED HER TITS AND SUCKED ON HER NIPPLES LIKE A TRUE ARTIST...



THEN HE DREW A LINE WITH HIS TONGUE FROM THE CURVE OF HER ASS TO THE TIP OF HER CLITORIS



FINALLY, HE LINGERED AT THE "EPICENTER"...





WOW, YOU'VE GOT A REALLY NICE PLACE. MMM.

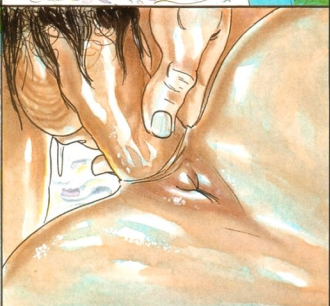
WELL, ENJOY IT.



THIS WARM TURBULENT WATER TURNS ME ON.



AHH! BABY YOU'RE THE BEST, GO ON!

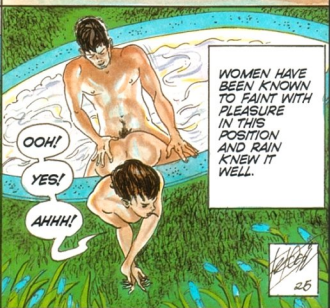


BETTY TURNS OVER AND RAIN GOES FOR HER PUSSY. SHE LOVES IT.



THAT'S IT, LEAN ON THE EDGE.

PUSH HARDER, HARDER!



OOH!

YES!

AHHH!

WOMEN HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FAINT WITH PLEASURE IN THIS POSITION AND RAIN KNEW IT WELL.

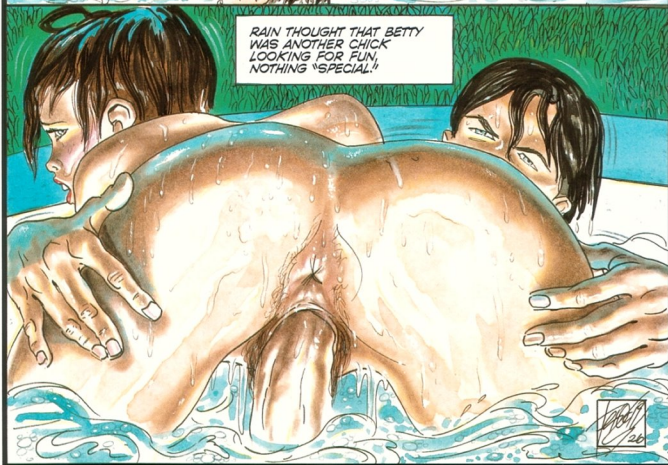
25



I-I'M  
GONNA  
CUMM!



YES! HOLD ME UP WITH  
THOSE STRONG ARMS!



RAIN THOUGHT THAT BETTY  
WAS ANOTHER CHICK  
LOOKING FOR FUN,  
NOTHING "SPECIAL."

26



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEIR LOVE JUICES (STILL FRESH), THEY CONTINUE THROUGH THE NIGHT, GOING FOR A PIECE OF HEAVEN.



THE UNINHIBITED FRENZY OF THAT SEEMINGLY RESERVED GIRL CAUGHT CLARENCE BY SURPRISE.



SHE REALLY KNEW HOW TO GET A GUY OFF...



...HOW TO SUCK HIS BALLS WITH FINESSE.



THOSE QUIET MOMENTS AFTER THEY BOTH CAME WERE FULL OF TENDER CARESSES. IT LOOKED LIKE THE BIRTH OF TRUE LOVE.



THEY MET AGAIN SEVERAL TIMES OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS. BETTY DIDN'T LET ON ABOUT HER HIDDEN INTENTIONS.



RAIN THOUGHT HE WAS FALLING IN LOVE.

C'MON, EASE OFF! DON'T GET ROMANTIC WITH ME!

BUT BETTY...DO YOU THINK I'M MADE OF STONE?



LISTEN, I JUST WANT YOU TO WORK FOR ME, THAT'S ALL!

WHAT KIND OF GAME IS THIS?



SHE WAS A TALENT SCOUT LOOKING FOR WELL-ENDOWED GUYS FOR HER WORK TEAM.



WITH ME YOU'LL MAKE MORE IN A DAY THAN YOU MAKE AT THE BAR IN A MONTH.

THAT BITCH!



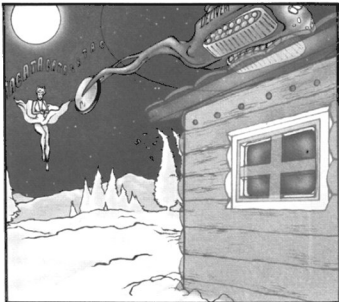
YOU GET 40% OF EACH CONTACT, TAX-FREE, OF COURSE. YOU'LL LOVE THE WORK.

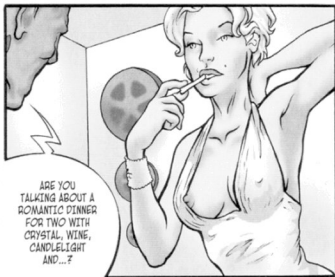


THE ONLY CONDITION IS THAT YOU CAN'T MARRY ANY OF THE CLIENTS. YOU GIVE ME A SIGNED BLANK CHECK AS A GUARANTEE. DO YOU ACCEPT?



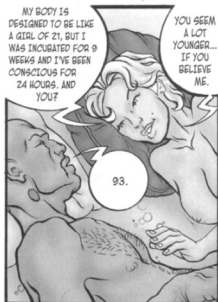
# XX XY: MARILYN by Gabriel B.



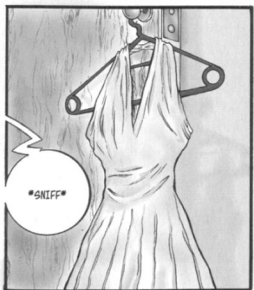
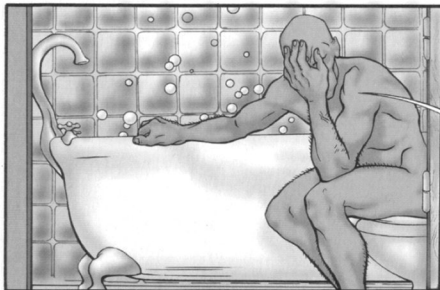












by Susi Glamour

## PORNO STAR

### ANNA MALLE

### WILD PORN'S LAST MOAN



Unfortunately, American porn has dressed for mourning again. A few months ago a news clip appeared that chilled us: Anna Malle had died. It was a tragic traffic accident in Las Vegas. She was thirty-nine years old, had filmed more than four hundred XXX movies and had become one of the most voracious and daring head-givers of all times. An irreparable loss to which we've dedicated this homage...for all those moments of pleasure she gave us during more than ten years. We'll never forget you, Anna.

#### ANNA CONFIDENTIAL

Date and place of birth: September 14, 1967, in Havana, Illinois.

Lost her virginity: At twelve years old with a schoolmate the same age.

Before porn movies: She danced and stripped in Florida.

Debut in porno: In 1994, at 27 years old, with a small company: Amateur Homegrown Video.

Pseudonyms: Anna Hotop-Stout.

Her big specialty: Deep throats. With force and all the way.

Duel of wild animals: Her best lesbian scenes were shot with Nina Hartley and Jeanna Pine. They look like boxing matches.

Sex at brutal volume: Her best hetero scenes were with big names like Peter North and the ripped Sean Michaels. They look like hunts.

**Plain talking:** She said herself in an interview: "I think I'm a nymphomaniac. I love fucking men and women."

**Civil state:** She was married to porn actor Hank Armstrong.

#### HOT-BLOODED TEEN

Anna always lived as if life was all about sex. You can see that in her movies but also in her private life where she also had an intense, passionate and voracious sexuality. According to what she herself said in an interview, she discovered sex when she was no more than a little girl. At six years old she already masturbated, and at twelve she had sex for the first time with a boy from school ("The poor kid came in two seconds!" she recalls) and in her crazier high school days she started experimenting with three-ways, lesbian relationships and encounters with several men at a time.

cheerleader. She shot powerful anal and oral sex scenes, double penetrations and interracial gangbangs. With her sweat and hunger for sex, Anna became an authentic sexual predator.

#### MAX THE INFAMOUS

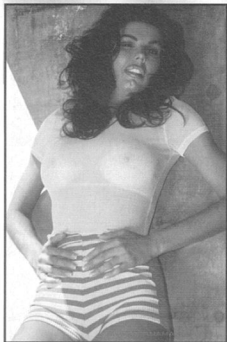
In this first age of X movies, Anna also shot movies with guys with no scruples like Max Hardcore, who always took pains to humiliate and denigrate the girls in his videos. Anna also fell into his clutches. "Personally, I think Max is a good guy, but he's someone else entirely in his films," declares the actress. "They're the worst kind and do very little good for porn. I worked with him because I was very young at that time and it was all the same to me. Plus, I wanted to show my fans that I could fuck someone as dirty as him, that I wasn't afraid of anything, that I was capable of anything. At any rate, I never made another video with him. The kind of porn he makes turns me off."

**"I've shot bondage and spanking videos...I have fun doing that kind of porn: it lets me turn my most forbidden sexual fantasies into reality."**

#### A HOT HURRICANE RAZING XXX MOVIES

Anna debuted in porn in 1994. She was 27 and had a beautiful, exotic body. She started filming modest movies with directors like Rodney Moore, Dirty Bob and Ed Powers, including her best series: *Dirty Debutantes*. With her charms, her lack of shame and the tremendous energy that she brought to each scene, Anna quickly made it clear that she wasn't going to be just another actress. No way. In times of compromise and squeamish sex in our porn (we recognize it: the 90s were pathetic), she decided to totally give herself over and become the most aggressive





#### NON-STOP PORN

Little by little, Anna chose better actors to fuck. She guided her career towards good porn productions in the 90's and appeared in movies with plots as well as series that were very successful with her fans. We can see her in, for example, *Breeders* (1996), *Cybersex* (1996), *Buttman's Butt Freak 2* (1996), *Jenna Loves Rocco* (1996), *Cumback Pussy 2* (1996), *The Streets of New York 8* (1996), *Buttslammers 14* (1997), *Shane's World 14* (1998), *Diva Girls* (1999), and the delicious, fantastic *New Wave Hookers 5* (1999).

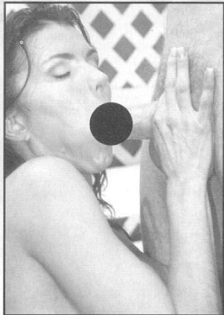
#### ROPES AND BLACK LEATHER

This hardcore sex goddess wound up filming more than four hundred movies and worked with big name directors such as John Stagliano, Bruce Seven, Toni English and Michael Ninn. More than ten years in the industry, leaving her body behind in each scene, giving it her all. Anna says: "I know the porn industry well. Over my career, I've done it all. I shot with Brad Armstrong, who always makes good movies. I also liked filming with guys like Stagliano and Leslie, because they do gonzo with class. Plus, I shot fetish videos for *Extreme Video*, bondage, spanking... I have fun doing that sort of porn, it lets me turn my most forbidden sexual fantasies into reality".

#### HOT FLESH

With regard to her favorite colleagues, Anna hasn't got bad taste. Among the girls, she likes Nina Hartley, Chloe, Jeanna Fine, Ashlyn Gere, Christi Lake and the fiery Asian Cumisha Amado. "My favorite scene with girls is one in *The Secret Life of Nina Hartley*", she remembers. "It was very exciting, I got in a threesome with Nina and *Sahara Sands* in a cell and it was... wow... I didn't even realize they were shooting. It was incredible". Of the guys, other than her husband Hank Armstrong, she remembers fondly Steven St. Croix and Peter North. Good choices, yes ma'am!

"Max Hardcore is a good guy, but he's someone else entirely in his films. They're the worst kind and do very little good for porn."



#### THAT'S ALL, FOLKS

In addition to acting in adult films, Anna was one of the stars of the *Playboy Channel* and she worked in productions for HBO. Retired from porn for a couple of seasons, she lived in Las Vegas when, one terrible day, January 25, 2006, the Dodge Stratus she was riding in crashed into a pickup truck in Nevada. She left behind a life dedicated in body and soul to hardcore cinema. We still miss her.



#### ANNA RED HOT

A basic selection of her hottest X movies. Watch out, you'll get burned!

1994

*Nasty Nymphs 5* (Biff Malibu)

1995

*More Dirty Debutantes 37* (Ed Powers)  
*Fever Pitch* (Ona Zee)  
*Caught in the Act* (Toni English)

1996

*Witches are Bitches* (Rodney Moore)  
*Cumback Pussy 2* (Tom Byron)  
*Max Gold 1* (Max Hardcore)  
*Jenna Loves Rocco* (Toni English)

1997

*Dirty Bob's Xcellent Adventures 29*  
(Dirty Bob)

1998

*Max Gold 6* (Max Hardcore)  
*Gypsy Queen* (E. J. Lincoln)

1999

*Deep Inside Anna Malle* (Compilation)

2001

*The Best of Gangbang Series 4*  
(Compilation)

2002

*Six Degrees of Penetration* (Skye Blue)  
*No Mand's Land 11* (Wesley Emerson)

2003

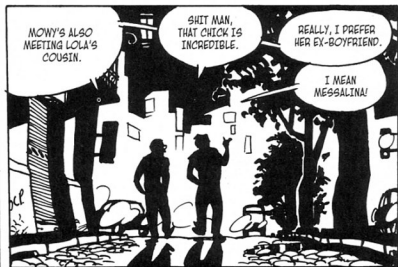
*Pampered Pussies* (Compilation)  
*Bend Her* (Compilation)

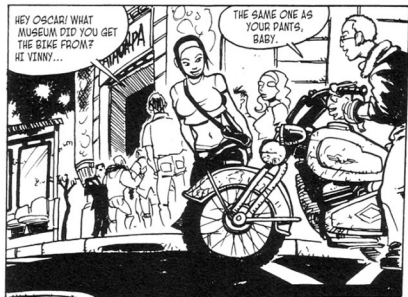
2004

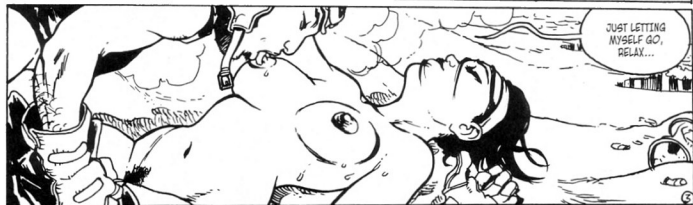
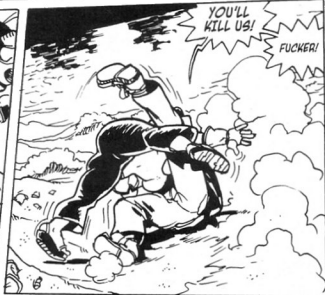
*Cumalot* (Compilation)  
*Pussyman* (Compilation)  
*Max Does the Stars* (Max Hardcore)

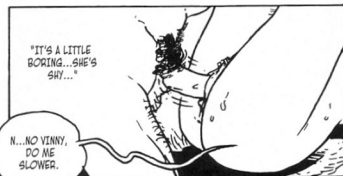
2005

*Nymphomation Highway* (Samson)





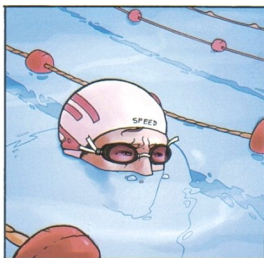




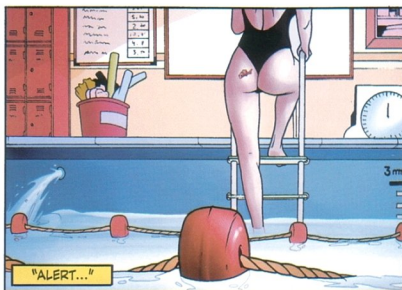




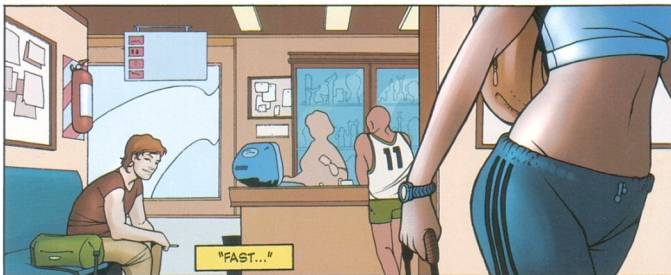




"I'M A SHARK."



"ALERT..."



"FAST..."



"RELENTLESS."



"THE STRONGEST LINK IN THE FOOD CHAIN..."



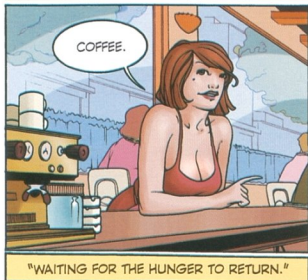
"...SWIMMING FROM BANQUET TO BANQUET."



"I HAVE FOUR OR FIVE VARIANTS OF THE EXCUSE. THEY ALL END THE SAME."



"AND I SINK TO THE DEPTHS..."



"WAITING FOR THE HUNGER TO RETURN."





"EXQUISITE"



"BEST FLESH I'VE EVER HAD."



"FIRM ON THE OUTSIDE, SOFTLY  
TENDER INSIDE."



"AND THE TASTE! SWEET BLENDS,  
A SURPRISE IN EVERY BITE!"



"THE PERFECT TRAP FOR A  
SYBARITIC SQUALIDAE."



"DID YOU NOTICE THE HUNGRY  
GLEAM IN HER EYES?"



...WISH I COULD  
STAY.



"WHAT YOU DID, HONEY, IS REALLY SERIOUS."

"YOU'VE VIOLATED THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS."

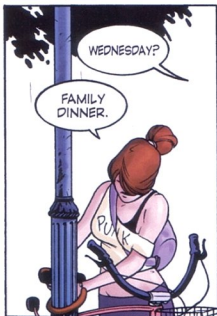


"I'M NOT FOOD, BABY. I'M NOT PREY. I'M A...."



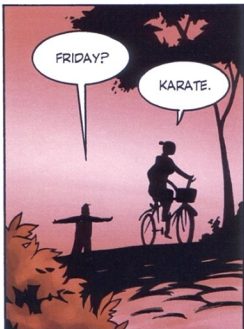
WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW?

DANCE CLASSES.



WEDNESDAY?

FAMILY DINNER.



FRIDAY?

KARATE.

"THIS IS MY LECTURE ON 'RESTORING THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS'."

"I'M GONNA DELIVER IT WITH A CIGARETTE IN MY MOUTH..."

"...ONCE I HAVE HER INSIDE MY STOMACH."



"BUT SHE'S FAST AND SLIPPERY,  
A... PREDATOR."



"THE HUNT IS TAKING TIME AND  
REQUIRES A HUGE OUTLAY OF ENERGY."



"I'M HUNGRY."



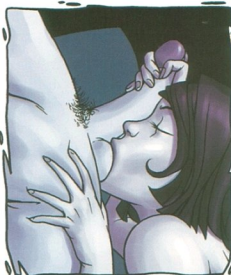
"NOTHING, NOT EVEN A  
TICKLE."



"TERRIFIED, I DISCOVER THAT MY TASTE HAS  
CHANGED."



"I'M NOT SATISFIED WITH  
ANYONE BUT HER."



"THE ONLY THING THAT COMFORTS ME..."



"...EVEN THOUGH IT'S ONLY FOR A SHORT, SHORT SPACE OF TIME..."



"...IS TO GNAW OBSESSIVELY ON THE CARCASS OF OUR ONE NIGHT TOGETHER."



"I'VE BECOME A SCAVENGER.  
I SINK..."



"...AND AS I TOUCH BOTTOM, SURROUNDED BY AN OCEAN OF GLOOMY MUCK..."



"...I HAVE A REVELATION."



"MY TEETH DON'T YEARN FOR HER FLESH."



"MY FLESH YEARNs FOR HER TEETH."



"I DON'T SWIM AROUND HER IN CIRCLES ANY MORE."



"I'M STILL..."



"...DISTRACTED..."



"I'M THE PERFECT PREY."

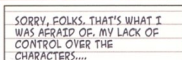
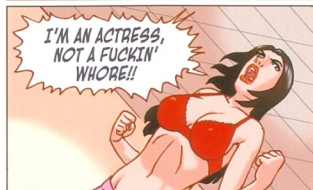
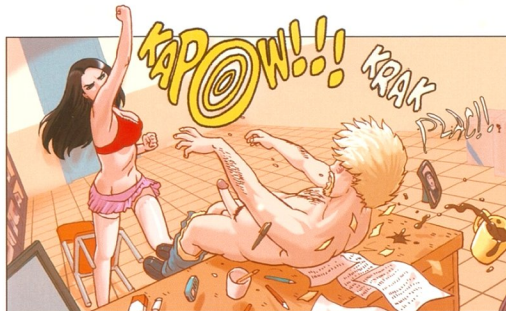
THE END

# Flora by Atilio

BEFORE YOU BEGIN TO READ, I SHOULD ASK YOU TO EXCUSE ANY BLUNDERS YOU MIGHT FIND IN THIS SCRIPT. THIS IS THE FIRST COMIC I'M WRITING AS WELL AS ILLUSTRATING AND I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE ABLE TO LEAD THE CHARACTERS THROUGH THE STORY.

THE AUTHOR





YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.  
WHAT'S THE BIG PROBLEM?  
YOU WANT THEM TO FIRE ME?  
GET BACK TO THE SCRIPT!



FUCK  
YOU!

NOBODY TOLD ME THE FILM WAS  
PORN. I'VE STUDIED ACTING AND  
I'M NOT ABOUT TO LOWER  
MYSELF FOR THIS.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOWER  
YOURSELF, YOU JUST HAVE  
TO GET ON YOUR KNEES.  
AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN,  
NOBODY TOLD YOU?  
DIDN'T YOU READ THE  
CONTRACT YOU SIGNED?

HA HA, SO THE GREAT  
AUTHOR'S GOT A SENSE OF  
HUMOR, TOO.

WILL YOU STOP  
EYEBALLING MY TITS?

HOW THE FUCK DID  
YOU KNOW?



I KNOW BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL  
THE SAME. YOU CAN'T TALK TO A  
HOT CHICK WITHOUT STARING  
AT HER TITS.



OK, THAT'S IT. YOU  
HAVE TO FUCK OR THEY'LL  
FIRE ME. I'M NOT GONNA  
BE OUTTA A JOB BECAUSE  
OF YOU. YOU HAVE TO  
ABIDE BY THE CONTRACT.

I NEVER SIGNED ANYTHING AND  
NOBODY TOLD ME THIS WAS PORN.



CAN YOU SHOW HER THE  
CONTRACT, BOV?



YOU WORK OR I SUE THE SHIT OUTTA  
YOU. I'M KEEPIN MY JOB, SO EITHER  
YOU FUCK OR YOU GO TO COURT.  
YOU DECIDE.



GO HUMP A GOAT,  
ASSHOLE.

BUT BOSS... SOMEONE TRICKED HER. I'M NOT  
SAYIN IT WAS YOU, BUT LET HER GO AND I'LL CALL  
THE SUBSTITUTE. THAT'S WHAT SHE'S FOR.



IF THERE'S A SUBSTITUTE, WHY ARE YOU  
MESSIN WITH ME, DICKHEAD?

CALL THE SLUT...  
I MEAN  
SUBSTITUTE.



NO WAY, YOU'RE THE  
STAR AND IT'S YOUR  
OBLIGATION TO WORK.

C'MON BOSS.  
LET HER GO.



MIND YOUR OWN  
BUSINESS, BOV. AND YOU,  
FLORA, START FUCKING.

EXCUSE ME, I KNOW YOU'RE THE AUTHOR, BUT THIS POOR  
GIRL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS GETTING INTO, AND I'M  
NOT GONNA FUCK HER UNLESS SHE WANTS TO, UNDERSTAND?

